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ISABELLA;

OR,

THE HEROINE OF ALGIERS.

Continued from page 328.

CHAPTER VI.

A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

The most noble spectacle that earth can offer to the eyes of Heaven, is that of virtue struggling with adversity. There are circumstances in which man, naturally weak, raises himself on the wings of faith to such a height, that he seems to participate in a superior power, and leaves his blind admirers and stupid detractors far behind him. The soul, tempered by the violence of the persecutions she has suffered, strips herself in a manner, and, as it were, by anticipation, of the appendage of this corruptible nature, to clothe herself with courage which carries her triumphant over the greatest obstacles. The Apostle foresaw this, when he said: "And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." Every thing, in effect, is possible to him who believes, and the most extraordinary exertions seem to cost him nothing, because he does them in God, through God, and for God.

Which of us, while reading these pages, is not astonished to see one, in so tender an age displaying a heroism so great and sublime, defeat the artifices of a vile persecutor, brave his threats, and remain free amid the snares laid for her innocence! But if she triumphs, it is because she has recourse to the arms with which Heaven furnishes her: faith covers her with its protecting shield, prayer fortifies her, vigilance suggests the necessary precautions, and confidence in God, that anchor of salvation, sustains and will not allow her to lose courage. If, on the one hand, we admire her fortitude and perseverance in battling with a powerful and wily enemy, we recoil, on the other, at the sight of a man, unworthy of the name, who persecutes one whose very age should have been her protection, and who tramples upon the holiest sentiments of nature, to insult what he cannot help admiring.

Isabella took advantage of the liberty allowed her, to make inquiries after her parents; she requested the old woman, who seemed devoted to her interest, to procure her ink and paper, but the latter refused through fear of Omar's anger. Isabella still kept up her courage; she formed her plans of escape, and trusted that God would bless them with success. Her health was restored by little and little, and as she was extremely calm, Omar flattered himself that she was coming over to his wishes, and somewhat released the watch he had established over her.

One evening as the young captive sat at the window, her eyes wandering over the harbour of Algiers, and her thoughts fixed on those she loved, an officer of the Spanish navy passed by. She rapped at the window to attract his attention.

The officer stopped, and was surprised to see one of his countrywomen at the window of an Arab's house.

"I am imprisoned here," said she in a low voice. "Two hours hence, bring me if possible a sheet of paper and some ink, roll them up together and throw them to me, and I will tell you all I have got to say."

He nodded assent and disappeared.

Night soon came on, and spread darkness over the city and harbour. Isabella waited with impatience for the return of the officer. He came at length with pen, ink, and paper, and threw them up to the prisoner's window.

She caught them, gave the sailor a warm but short acknowledgment, and begged him to return for an answer on the morrow, to the same place and at the same hour. She took advantage of the night, when she was left alone, to commit to writing the history of her misfortunes. She dwelt particularly on the fate of her grandfather, whom she had endeavoured to liberate; did not forget the old marabout who had shown so much indignation at the infamous conduct of the Mahometans towards Christians, and concluded by conjuring the officer to exert himself to obtain the liberty of her grandfather in the first place, and then to free her from slavery. Her tear more than once fell upon the paper, as with trembling hand she wrote those lines of sorrow: "Oh! that God would bless the enterprise and break the chains of innocence!"

Isabella was soothed with pleasant hopes. The officer's arrival, thought she, was not the effect of chance; her lively faith taught her to see therein a visible sign of the divine goodness, and her heart gave way to sensations of grateful joy. She concealed her paper, in anxious expectation of the approaching night to deliver the letter to the generous

sailor, by whose assistance she hoped her sufferings would be brought to a close. The officer came at the appointed time, took the letter, and promised to do all in his power to remove her from her gloomy situation.

Eight days passed away; every evening she eagerly looked for the arrival of him whom she regarded as her deliverer, but no officer appeared. What anxiety for the unfortunate girl! Was he a spy of Omar? Was he a base traitor, who had abused her confidence to ruin her? Had he revealed to Omar the project of his victim? No! he certainly belonged to the Spanish navy; not only his language, but uniform made her sure of that. Had he renounced the hope of delivering her? What could be the cause of his absence? Thus reasoned the poor Isabella, and her fears increased every moment. She had flattered herself that her fetters would be broken, and they seemed rivetted more firmly than before. In silent sorrow she counted the lagging hours, and each hour brought with it a new tribute of anxiety. Again she implores with burning fervour, the assistance of our ever blessed Mother.

And who ever had recourse to her and did not find relief? Who ever spoke to her with confidence and was sent away in disappointment? Her radiant and affectionate eye is always upon her children, and she will not let them fall into the nets of the tempter. And confiding to her maternal care, Isabella looked forward to the future, if not with perfect calmness, at least with pious resignation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FLIGHT.

God, to try His chosen ones, frequently covers with a dark cloud the rays of His mercy. He hides Himself from our eyes, then we despair, and give up all as lost; but God is never nearer than at the moment when our hopes fade away. He wishes to convince us that all aid must come from Him, and that it is in vain we trouble ourselves; we can never succeed unless His protecting arm seconds our efforts.

This Isabella had to learn by experience. It was a gloomy night, the wind blew violently, the rain fell in torrents, when her attentive ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps. Had an angel appeared to her, his presence could not have caused her greater joy, than did the appearance of the brave sailor. He attached a letter to the end of a long stick which he had brought with him, raised it to the captive and disappeared. She opened and read:

"After making all necessary inquiries respecting your grandfather, I come to tell you that to-morrow evening at this hour, the good old man will be at the port of Algiers, where a vessel is waiting to receive him. You too are expected, dear girl: I cannot now enter into a detail of all I have done to free you. You shall know all, prepare yourself for flight. Be ready at your window. Probably I shall not be here before midnight. I will reach you a rope, which you must fasten to your window, and by which you must descend. Immediately on your arrival, the vessel will set sail. Cheer up, the hour of your deliverance is at hand."

"Don Gabriel Mendez."

Isabella could hardly believe her eyes. She read the letter over and over again, and wet it with tears of joy. Oh! how she accused herself for having a moment suspected the brave officer, who had done every thing, which the most ardent charity could suggest, to deliver her. Streams of tears flowed down her cheeks—she endeavoured to rest—but sleep fled from her eyes—so great was her emotion.

The light had no sooner appeared than Isabella rose from her bed, and on bended knee thanked God for causing the day of deliverance to shine upon her, and conjured Him to bless an enterprise which would restore her to her grandfather. But the recollection of her good parents, whose fate was still unknown to her, gave a cruel check to this joy. Oh! could she unite in the same joy those beings, her heart cherished so fondly! that tender father, that amiable mother, but a dark mystery enveloped their destiny; she could not believe that they were dead, and still she was not sure they were living.

That was a dreary day for Isabella. She longed for the night that she might fly to the arms of her grandfather, and learn what had befallen her parents. The sun went down—Isabella, eager with hope, again commended the enterprise to God, and stood by the window. Hour after hour passed away; and no officer appeared. This delay awakened her fears. Had some unforeseen obstacles defeated the project and prevented him from executing his plan? She trembled between hope and fear, when two men appeared at the corner of the street, and approached the house she lived in; she looked, listened, and recognized the voice of her deliverer. He had laid aside his uniform, and disguised himself with a large cloak, under which he carried the rope. He threw it into the air without loss of time; Isabella caught it with a dexterous hand, fastened it to the window, and glided down. She is in the street—one of her deliverers threw a mantle over her, and with a light step she descended the declivity which leads to the port. There a vessel was waiting. Isabella expressed her gratitude to the generous sailor. She would have wished to reward him; but what had she to offer? She had been stripped of all she possessed, and had not carried away any of the magnificent presents of Omar; not wishing to preserve any other memorial of that wretched man, but the sufferings he had caused her. She inquired after her grandfather—but the officer smiled without making any reply. But she knew enough, however, to make her happy. She entered the galley and found—father—mother—grandfather.

I will not attempt to describe the joy of this meet-

ing. It was a happiness, which we may imagine, but not express. Let then the tears of tenderness flow on; nor dwell we on the transports which attend the meeting of friends who had never expected to see each other again; let us listen to the merchant, as he relates the history of the sufferings he had undergone since his separation from his daughter.

"I received several wounds from the Arabs, and fell senseless on the body of my poor wife, who was suffering severely from the ill-usage of the Arabs. I don't know how long I remained in this state, but when I returned to myself—thanks to the care of Teresa—I inquired after you, my daughter, but you were missing, and we could not guess where you had gone. Teresa filled the air with her shrieks, as she ran over the hill of sycamores in search of her daughter, but all was useless; and convinced that you had been taken away by the Arabs, we resigned ourselves to the sad fate of being separated from you. The thought that I should never more see my child, caused me so much anguish, that I would willingly have preferred death to such a misfortune.

"I was very weak, owing to the great loss of blood. Teresa bandaged my wounds, and as the night covered us with its protecting shadows, we resolved to retrace our steps and return to the old marabout, who had received us the evening before with such hospitality. We took advantage of the cool night-air, and I dragged myself with difficulty along the shore of that sea which, in the morning, I had contemplated with so much pleasure. God gave me strength and supported me during the painful journey. Oh! what would I not have given for a cup of water to quench my thirst! But that pleasure was denied me. In those sad moments, I did not know whether my life could be preserved, and instead of testifying my gratitude to God, I began to repine. Such is man! He soon forgets the favours he has received, only to remember his misfortunes, without thinking that virtue is purified by afflictions.

"Leaning on my wife's arm, I journied slowly towards the little temple of Mahomet. Twenty times I was obliged to stop, and each time I thought it would be impossible to go farther. After many efforts, we arrived by day-break at the little wood. Teresa knocked at the door of the marabout's house. His negro slave appeared. When he saw us covered with blood, he could hardly believe his eyes, and went to inform his master, who received us with the most touching charity.

"As I related the history of our misfortune, the tears rolled down the cheeks and upon the white beard of the venerable priest. He examined my wounds, which were happily not mortal. His negro slave brought a box of ointments, which the old man applied to my wounds, and he assured me that he would cure me in a short time.

"A father could not display more tenderness for a son, than that which the old man showed me. Frequently he passed hours by my bed-side, cheered me with his words of consolation, and it is owing no less to his generous care, than to his knowledge of medicine, that I owe the happiness of having recovered my health so soon. And why should one thought of sadness break in upon the sweet feelings of gratitude? How is it, that with so good a heart, the old man has not acknowledged the truth of the Catholic faith—but still wanders in the dark paths of error?

"When my health was restored, I did all in my power to learn what had become of my daughter. The marabout assisted me to fulfil this duty of paternal affection.

"Three weeks passed away and brought no news of Isabella. At last we were informed that she had fallen into the hands of Omar.

"The marabout, on hearing this, grew pale. 'I fear,' said he, 'you have for ever lost your daughter, for Omar is not the man to restore her; were you to place all the gold of the universe at his feet, he would turn away in scorn. His is a heart of iron. Inflexible, and not to be thwarted in his will, he is the basest of men when his passions are to be satisfied. Then he cares for nothing; he has a thousand means of corruption at his disposal, and almost always employs them with success. But let us not despair. I know that Omar fears me; I will speak to him in the name of the religion of the great prophet, perhaps he may be diverted from his purpose. I will write to-morrow, and threaten him with the anger of God.'

"The marabout was as good as his word. He addressed to Omar a letter, full of respect, but very severe, expressing his astonishment that he, who had to reproach himself for so many abominations, could dare to add incessantly new crimes to those he had already committed. He remonstrated with him on his disgraceful treatment of an unprotected girl, whose innocence and candour should have moved him to compassion; and concluded by threatening him with the divine vengeance.

"To this letter no answer was returned, and we heard eight days after, that Omar had fled with my daughter—no one knew whither. Judge of my situation! I must confess, to my shame, that I became furious, that I roared like a lion, and cursed the monster who thus insulted the holiest feelings of a father. I made inquiries to learn where Omar concealed his victim, and was in great alarm for Isabella; for though I knew her virtue, I was still in fear."

"Fear not," said Isabella, as she interrupted her father, "your daughter is pure; God has protected, and has not allowed her to make shipwreck of her virtue."

"Thanks be to Him," rejoined the father, "I have no new calamity to deplore.

"At the same time I was diligent in my inquiries after my father. I learned that he was employed in the garden of Omar. I wished to deliver him, but did not know how to set about it. More than once, in a moment of despair, I resolved to return to Spain, but an inward voice always kept me back. The old marabout too pressed me to stay longer,

saying that in a country like that, we might always expect changes, which no human wisdom could foresee. I determined to follow his advice, and watch the course of events, and quartered myself on the hospitality of the marabout.

"The Mahometan priest learned many particulars from persons who came to see him. Among others, that a young Spanish lady was frequently seen at a window of Omar's house at Algiers. Her I took for my daughter. I learned at the same time, that a Spanish brig had arrived in the port of Algiers, and that she would return after an exchange of merchandise. On the vessel there were several Spanish officers, who had come on a secret mission to survey the African coast, and to examine into the state of Algiers. God permitted one of these—the brave Don Gabriel Mendez—to discover my daughter. The letter he received from you, Isabella, enabled us to free you and your grandfather.

"But still the marabout has powerfully contributed to the victory we have gained over the tyranny of Omar; it is to him we owe the idea of scaling the wall of the garden in which my father toiled.

"And here we are, met once more, to return together to our native land. What gratitude do we owe to God for such visible protection and divine blessings!"

These words were received with loud acclamation by all who sat at table. The captain of the vessel proposed a toast to the prosperity of a family which was again united almost miraculously.

"I too," said the officer, who had been instrumental in Isabella's deliverance, "have a particular toast to propose—health to her, whom I had the happiness of freeing from slavery; for it is owing to her fortitude and constancy that we have been able to break the fetters of the whole family. For had she yielded to the tyrant's impious desires, her father would have seen her no more, nor would her grandfather have been restored to liberty. 'Long live the Heroine of Algiers.'"

This toast was received with an enthusiasm which it were difficult to describe; it was repeated by a hundred voices, and the waves of the sea seemed to murmur, "Long live the Heroine of Algiers."

(To be continued.)

COPY OF THE REV. EUSTACHIUS WHITE'S LETTER TO SOME ONE NOT NAMED.

He suffered at Tyburn, 10 *Dec.* 1591.

[The following letter, which escaped the industrious and amiable Bishop Challoner when making collections for the Memoirs of Missionary Priests, and which, indeed, has not been published hitherto, is full of painful interest to British Catholics. Whatever trials we may be called upon to sustain for our faith, how light are they compared with those borne by our fathers!]

Sir,

I presume somewhat rashly to address (myself) unto you, as unto a patron of orphans in these miserable days; importing my present calamity, which surely, without temporal comforts, I am very hardly able long to endure; the time of the year, and the hard handling of my torture-masters, with the malicious dealing of my keepers, against priests especially, and all Catholics generally, growing so fast towards their extremity. Mr. N., I think, can partly relate unto you mine estate, from the mouth of N. my dearest friend in bonds. For he hath spared from himself to relieve me with victuals, as he could through a little hole, and with other such necessaries as he could by that means do, whom truly I did never see but through a hole. Nothing was too dear to him that he could convey unto me; for whom, as I am bound, so will I daily pray the while I live. I have been close prisoner since the 18th day of September; whereof, 46 days together I lay upon a little straw in my boots, my hands continually manacled in irons, for one month together never once taken off. After, they were twice or thrice taken off to shift me, and ease me for a day together. This was all the favour that my keepers did show me. The morrow after Simon and Jude's day I was hanged at the wall from the ground, my manacles fast locked into a staple as high as I could reach upon a stool. The stool taken away, there I hanged, from a little after eight o'clock in the morning until four of the afternoon, without any ease or comfort at all, saving *Topcliffe* came unto me, and told me that the Spaniards were come into Southwark by our means; for lo! do you not hear the drums? (for then the drums played in honour of my Lord Mayor). The next day after, also, I was hanged an hour or two. Such is the malicious mind and practice of our adversaries.

For my clothes, I have no other than my summer weeds, wherein I was taken, and then I was rifled of all; of my horse that cost but then £7., of £4. in money, and odd money, with a silver pix worth 20*s.* and many other things; nothing left more than on my back; and he that took me had £5. of the *council* for his labour, before whom I was at *Basing* for a week, at her Majesty's charges. This is mine estate till this hour in extremity of all worldly comforts. Money may be conveyed more easily unto me than other things whatsoever, though with leave of Justice Younge, other things also; but it must be done by some protestant friends. Mr. N. doth owe me 40*s.* for a legacy from his father, which he promised me this summer in ——— Fields; I beseech you, Sir, make means unto him that I may have it, for he will pay it at the first sending. The Catholics in the *west country*, amongst whom I have bestowed my pains, would willingly help me if I could convey unto them, though others would not be unwilling, but with *them* I would be most bold.

I was taken at *Blandford* in Dorsetshire, the 1st. of September, and *there* had disputations two days with Doctor Sowthe and divers ministers, before people of all sorts, all whose arguments were too ridiculous.

Thus I have showed you my bold rashness with you in troubling you so long, praying to have me excused for the same; beseeching withal, if you can, that some honest protestant may have access unto me, that by him I may be somewhat relieved. And so commending you unto our Lord's protection, that can defend you from the mouth of the roaring lion, that goeth about seeking whom he may devour, I take my leave this 23d. of Nov. 1591. Your *Worship's*.

All men agree about the necessity there is for happiness; all dispute with one another about the means of attaining it.

No. 3.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

On the following morning Mr. Smith and his sons went to their business. Father Theodore went to say Mass in the chapel of St. Patrick; and after Mass he was invited to take a little breakfast whilst Mrs. Smith and her daughters were taking a cup of coffee. Father Theodore was unable to fast by reason of his bad state of health. The girls were anxious to know something about the behaviour of the Italians with regard to Mass and the use of the sacraments.

Sophia then commenced by saying: "Father, tell us now, if you please, something for our edification; for we have not so great a curiosity to hear of the manners of others through a desire of amusement only, but we wish rather to know something profitable to us, in order to stir up our feelings that are so cold and selfish. I should wish to be with some of those Italian girls, who, I suppose, are very good and warm in their feelings; perhaps their conversation might warm me a little. Tell me then, are the Italians assiduous in frequenting Mass and the sacraments? and, especially, how do they behave on Sundays and holidays?

F. Theodore. I shall comply with your request most willingly, and I hope to tell you something very edifying. But first I must remark, that in Italy the practices and manners are not everywhere the same. A great variety may be observed in the different states of Italy. I shall state first what may be considered as the character of all the people at large, and afterwards descend to some particular states which are better known to me, having been there to exercise my missionary functions. With regard to the people in general we may divide them into nobility, gentry, and peasantry. The nobility are generally good and pious, (I speak now of those who are noble by birth); the gentry, viz. the tradesmen, and those in the employ of the government, are middling, some being very good and some very bad, in general the latter are bad; the merchants good; the tailors and shopmen are not so good; the peasantry, especially those who live in the country, are very good indeed; these and the nuns are, I think, the best of the Italian people. Amongst the peasantry of the country you will find a kind of patriarchal life, very innocent, very simple, and very pious; and amongst these there are some so spiritual as to be gifted with a most sublime degree of prayer. They act with simplicity, and Almighty God is often pleased to communicate to them his divine secrets in a wonderful manner. You would be quite astonished to find among them so surprising a sense of piety, and so wonderful and ardent a faith as they really possess. I have been very often enchanted with them, and could scarcely refrain from shedding tears of consolation. Once I found a very old and poor countryman who said to me with tears in his eyes: "O Father, since my earliest years I have always prayed for the blessing of shedding my blood for the glory of God and defence of the faith; I always pray that the christian religion may be preached in the entire world, and that all nations and tribes may be gathered into the one fold of Christ. But what heart-rending a sight it is for me to see some young people so negligent about their religion. O Father, let us strive to fight for the glory of God; let us pray fervently." Another time I was astonished at the answer given to me by a rich farmer, then very old. I asked him whether he had the habit of meditating on the Passion of our Saviour. He answered, with a kind surprise: "On what other subject besides this could we think or meditate?" I went to pay him a visit when on his death-bed. He took the opportunity of speaking to me of his interior, of his prayer and meditation, for about two hours. Amongst other things which he told me, I remember these particularly: "It is now," said he, "twelve years since I first fell sick of the asthma, and I do not remember to have asked of God to be relieved from my sickness, but I have always prayed for patience to bear it. I have sinned, and it is but just that I should suffer for my sins. I say to God frequently: 'My God, I deserve to be punished for my sins. Punish me then as you please, but do not cast me away from your face. I submit to all other punishments but that of being condemned to hell; because, if I were condemned to hell, I should there hate you, and curse your holy name; a thing which I never did in my life and will never do in the life to come. Punish me then in whatever manner you wish, but spare me this of cursing your name.' Is it a good prayer, Father?"—"O yes, it is very good, my brother," said I, "but now I must go to preach in a little town, and after to-morrow I shall come back to see you again."—"At what hour will you come back?" said he. I answered, "about five o'clock in the afternoon."—"Oh, then it will be too late to see me, I shall not wait so long as that." I went in reality about five o'clock because I was unable to return before, and I heard that he had been dead two or three hours. It was the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. From all this I thought that he had been assured beforehand of the day and the precise hour of his death, as is evident from the relation itself.* Another day I met with a young country lad about sixteen years old; I asked him whether he ever meditated on the Passion of our Lord. He answered, "Yes; I do it every day."—"Well, how much time do you spend in this exercise?"—"From morning till night and from night till morning, as well as I can."—"How can you do so, since you are a labourer? Do not you go to work?"—Yes, I go, but my work does not hinder me from meditating. This is my method: In the evening, before going to bed, I stop a little and consider that our Lord about this time went to the garden of Gethsemani, and fell into an agony. I endeavour to accompany him, and fall asleep with these thoughts. When I awake I return to Jesus, considering that about that hour he was carried before the tribunals, scourged, crowned with thorns, &c. Afterwards I consider him carrying the cross, his crucifixion, agony and death, his being taken down from the cross, his burial and so forth; so that, you see, I have matter for the entire day and night."—"Well my boy, but this will serve only for one day, what do you do on the following one?"—"I do the same as I did on the preceding day." I could relate many other stories of the same kind, but I am afraid of tiring you too much.

Sophia. By no means; on the contrary, for my part I have been extremely delighted. What good people! I cannot say one Pater Noster without distractions, and very often I get tired of my morning and evening prayers. I think these good Italians must have excellent confessors and directors who teach them how to pray, how to meditate. I should wish to go there, to be born there, to enjoy the happiness of having good directors.

Mrs. Smith. Well my daughter, I think without going to Italy you have here an Italian priest who is able and willing to instruct you, if you wish sincerely to learn the exercise of meditation.

Lucy. Quite true. Father, teach us how to pray and meditate well. I am afraid, however, we shall not have time enough to learn this holy exercise, because you will perhaps go too soon.

Sophia. There is another obstacle, I think. How could Father Theodore teach us how to meditate when James and John are present? They would, perhaps, not listen, they would get tired immediately. They scarcely have patience to read a book of meditation.

Eliza. Well then let Father Theodore teach us meditation while we are alone, and before our brothers come home.

Mrs. Smith. Very well, you may teach us how to meditate during the day, and in the evening you will say something more suitable to the feelings of our men.

* Let no one imagine that these are inventions of my imagination. No: whatever I relate about Italy and Italians I have witnessed with my own eyes.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR'S LECTURES OF THE COMPOSITION OF DIFFERENT PLANTS USED AS FOOD.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, F.G.S. honorary member of, and consulting chemist to, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and honorary professor of chemistry to the Royal Manchester Institution, delivered the sixth and last of this valuable and interesting course of lectures on Thursday evening at the Manchester Athenæum, and on Friday afternoon, at the Royal Institution; on both occasions to large auditories.

Dr. PLAYFAIR, in commencing, said that in the previous lectures they had considered the composition of the food of animals, and they had found that the various nutritious constituents of plants could be divided into two great classes; *the first* containing the four organic elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, *which were strictly of the same composition as the flesh and blood of animals*, and might be considered as the flesh and blood of animals already formed in the plants; and without them animals could not receive their nutrition. There was a *second* class of substances in which nitrogen was absent, and which do not possess the same composition as flesh and blood; and *these substances* they had found, *were destined as fuel, to keep up the heat of the body*, and for other purposes, such as to be converted into fat, when the amount of air taken in was not sufficient to burn them in the body. They had still to consider, however, *the composition of different plants used as food* for animals. Food had two distinct uses; one part being destined to repair waste and build up the fabric of the animal, and the other to keep up the animal heat to the requisite temperature. In fact, *all food might be divided into the elements of nutrition, and the elements of respiration* or combustion. Out of every 100 tons of turnips removed from the field, the carts carried 89 tons of water, and only 11 tons of the real dry turnips. Of every 100lb of flesh bought, only 25lb was really flesh; the remainder being simply water. And so with respect to peas, potatoes, and other articles, as they would see by the table [which we subjoin]:—

	Water.	Organic matter.	Ashes.
	lb	lb	lb
100lb of Peas contain	16	80½	3½
,, Beans do	14	82½	3½
,, Lentils do	16	81	3
,, Oats do	18	79	3
,, Oatmeal do	9	89	2
,, Barleymeal do	15½	82½	2
,, Hay do	16	76½	7½
,, Wheat straw do	18	79	3
,, Turnips do	89	10	1
,, Swedish turnips do	85	14	1
,, Mangel wurzel do	89	10	1
,, White carrot do	87	12	1
,, Potatoes do	72	27	1
,, Red beet do	89	10	1
,, Linseed cake do	17	75½	7½
,, Bran do	14	81	5

All these plants also contain [as shown in the table] a certain amount of mineral ingredients, or ashes, to form the bones or skeletons of animals; and these ashes were, of course, perfectly essential for proper nutrition. He next referred to the following table:

In 100lb of	Albumen.	Unazotized matter.
	lb	lb
Flesh	25	0
Blood	20	0
Beans	31	51½
Peas	29	51½
Lentils	33	48
Potatoes	2	25
Oats	11	68
Barleymeal	14	68½
Hay	8	68½
Turnips	1	9
Carrots	2	10
Red beet	1½	8½

The proportion of albumen in 100lb, as shown above, was merely *the proportion of flesh existing in that vegetable*; and this amount exhibited the nutritive value of that vegetable, with respect to the formation of flesh. For example, 100lb of potatoes contain only 2lb of material forming flesh; peas contain 29lb of the flesh-forming principle in 100lb; beans 31lb in 100lb of this flesh. These analyses he had made himself; but in one or two cases he had taken the mean of Bussingault's analysis and his own, as more likely to be correct. They would see from these tables the economy of food for domestic purposes. It was a great mistake to live on potatoes alone; because, though a very cheap food to support respiration and heat, they were exceedingly dear for supporting the animal frame. In the following table, he had calculated the expense of 100lb of the true flesh-forming principle in each kind of food. Suppose 100lb of *nutriment* were wanted from potatoes, it would cost £2. 14s. 5¾d.; whereas 100lb of nutriment from peas or beans would cost only £1. 13s.:—

	Price per 100lb of Albumen. £ s. d.
Wheat	3 18 11½
Wheat straw	5 11 8
Barley straw	3 0 2½
Barley	4 3 0¾
Oats	2 8 4¾
Oat straw	4 0 0
Potatoes	2 14 5¾
Beans	1 6 2
Peas	1 13 0
Red clover (dry)	0 16 7
Beet root	1 7 8
Turnip	1 13 10
Carrot	1 8 9

So, if they examined the substances, as Mr. Ransome had shown three years ago, taking the Manchester prices, they would find that they might get the same amount of nutritive food from peas for 3¾d.; as from milk for 3s.; eggs, 3s.; flour about 7d.; and potatoes about 1s. 7d. We ought therefore to mix one food with another. For example, though nothing was cheaper than potatoes for forming fuel, still nothing was dearer for forming flesh. Hence it was that soup containing both peas and potatoes was so favourite a soup; for the potatoes keep up the animal heat, and the peas give the nutriment. In the same way, the flesh-forming substances should always be mixed with those intended for fuel. But the form in which food was taken was also of great importance. Cooking was merely a kind of digestion in a pan, instead of in the stomach. We never think of giving man, an animal with one stomach, unboiled potatoes; we subject them to artificial digestion in the pan, for the softening of their substance, in order that the stomach may more easily digest them. But, in feeding a cow, it must be exceedingly absurd to give the same form of food as to human beings; because a cow has four stomachs. The food is first taken into the first stomach, or *rumen*, where it is moistened by secretion. It then passes into the second, the *reticulum*, where it is rolled up into little balls, which are sent back again into the mouth, to be further reduced by mastication, and to be treated by the saliva. What is the saliva? It is like soap bubbles, and consists of a great many bubbles of air, contained in a watery covering around them, so as to protect the air. Digestion is not a vital process, but a simple alteration in structure, a decay. The decay of food consists in abstracting the oxygen from the air; and digestion, therefore, is simply an act of decay in the stomach; just as a fresh orange in contact with a decayed one becomes decayed, or a piece of fresh wood becomes rotten from being in contact with rotten wood. What some termed *pepsin* was merely a substance in a state of decay, which it imparted to the food taken into the stomach. To assist that decay, the form of the food must be altered; and it was owing to the neglect of this, that dispepsia was so prevalent. Owing to our bad system of cookery, our food was not so well digested in the pan as it ought to be, and therefore our poor stomachs were obliged to do what the pan in France, Germany, and other countries, did for it. The food should be reduced into a pulpy mass, so that this *pepsin* may more easily effect its decay. It is this necessity as to the form of food that made the farmers cut the food for cattle into small parts. It had been found necessary to cut the straw, hay, or whatever the cows were fed upon, into little bits;

as if the farmer had unintentionally reasoned thus:—As every development of force in an animal causes a waste, there must be a great amount of force expended in masticating the food. Whether is it more expensive to allow the animal to expend this force in mastication, or to burn coal under a steam-engine, and let the force be brought from the coal? To cut the food into little parts is found to do it at much less expense. Experience had also taught the farmer that it was necessary to cut the food of different sizes for different animals. For ruminating animals it was always cut much larger than for animals that do not ruminate; viz. about one inch in length for cows, half an inch for sheep—(both ruminating animals)—but only a quarter of an inch for a horse, which was not a ruminating animal. In the case of the cow and the sheep the food was larger, in order to give it sufficient bulk, to enable the peristaltic motion of the stomach to be effected. There were two rival theories with respect to the formation of fat. One was that of MM. Dumas and Baussingault, who say that as animals receive their flesh, ready formed, from vegetables, why not also receive their fat from vegetables? But if that were the case, then cocoa beans would be the best food for fattening oxen and sheep; and olive oil would be the best food for those human beings who wish to become fat. The rival theory is, that the fat arises from an imperfect combustion of the starch, sugar, gum, and other usual materials in food. If you burn a coal in the open fire, it is converted into the gases, which go up the chimney. So with the fuel of the food through the chimney, the mouth; but under certain circumstances, when people become sedentary, or lazy in their habits, and do not take in sufficient air, the combustion of these matters cannot altogther be effected: and therefore part of them were converted into fat. Just so with coal in the gas works: besides the gases, it is converted into tarry matters (representing the fat in the human body), because one part of the coal takes a certain amount of oxygen, from the other part of the coal. So in the human body; if insufficient oxygen be taken in, there is a necessity for animal heat being developed, and one part of the food takes oxygen, or air, from another part of the food, and it is converted into fat. Nature never intended fat to be formed at all; but that it was an unnatural state into which we put animals. In hot climates, Englishmen live in the same way as here in this cold climate; but enough air does not enter their bodies fully to effect combustion, and therefore one part of their food is obliged to take oxygen from another part, and so it is deposited in fat. Nature never intended men to eat the same kind of food in different climates; but they have placed themselves in that unnatural condition. In the carnivorous animals (except the whale) we never find fat. Boussingault says you do. For example, he states, the cat or the dog, often becomes very fat; but they do not do so in the natural state; not from feeding on flesh, but from eating potatoes and starch matters in the house, leading a sedentary life, not respiring sufficiently, so that enough air did not enter into their bodies to burn their food. The animal in the natural state does not contain fat, but only mere traces of it; there are enough fluids to lubricate the joints, without becoming fat; and when this does occur, it is a disease in the body. What, then, is the object of the fat existing in all plants? Take the primeval type of all food—milk; and we shall see it. There are three organic substances in milk—butter, sugar and cheese. The cheese or *casein* is in a soluble condition; obviously for the purpose that the young animal or child may be able more easily to digest it. The butter is an oily substance that burns very readily, and therefore affords much heat to the child; and the heat of the body of a child was always much higher than that of the parent; respirations were more frequent: it took in more oxygen into the lungs; and therefore it was necessary that the child should take in more oxygen to burn. Butter is put into the milk of the parent, in order that the child may effect the union of the oxygen with the carbonic acid. Then the milk contained sugar of milk, which is a substance between the properties of common sugar and starch. All these substances, except butter, being soluble in water, the nutrition of the animal is much more easily effected. But it is important to consider the difference in composition of the milk of animals.

What was the object of this cheesy matter in the milk of animals? The life of an adult animal consists in an exact equilibrium between the causes of waste and the causes of supply, or the vital powers. After guarding himself against any imputation, that in speaking of these things, or of nature, or of material properties of the body, what he said would lead in the slightest degree to materialism—his only object being to refer to the laws implanted by the Creator in the body, for the government of the body—Dr. Playfair said that these vital laws were the causes of increasing the body, while the chemical causes of waste were always decreasing the body. Chemical affinity had been forced into vegetation; it became subject to the vital powers; it allowed flesh to be formed out of vegetables. But in the animal there is a constant warfare between chemical affinity and the vital powers. In the adult animal both are in a balance; the vital powers sustain just what the chemical powers destroy. But in children it is not so: in them the vital powers have the ascendancy, obviously for the purpose of rearing up the fabric. The body of an adult man ought to weigh the same at the end of a year, as at the beginning: if his weight has increased, he is becoming fat. But a child grows in body, and therefore its causes of supply are superior to its causes of waste. Therefore it is, that such large amounts of cheese exist in the food of young animals, in order to supply the fabric with the flesh of which it is afterwards to consist. Therefore it is also, that the young child sleeps so much. An infant only wakes four hours out of the 24; it therefore sleeps 20 hours. What condition is the body thrown into during sleep? The will, in effecting a movement, allows the chemical forces to destroy the muscles effecting that movement; but in sleep, volition ceases: the mind is not able to manifest itself to the external world, for reasons which he had explained in a *conversazione* last winter; volition ceases, and the vital powers are wholly employed in building up the fabric of the animal. During sleep, then, it is that the adult, but more especially that the child, increases. During the day, when the child is moving about, it is not increasing in size, because the vital powers are otherwise employed, and are not able to build up the fabric; but in sleep they are applying materials to the frame to build it up, and that is the reason that children sleep so much, in order that the vital powers may build up the fabric of the body. But then calves and children are very different as to motion. The legs of the child are not as yet destined for progression, and there is no use in exercising them; but in the case of the calf it is intended, and the animal ought to be allowed to use them. But farmers forget this, and prevent their calves from moving about, and therefore the vital powers do not increase the size they ought. Every care ought to be taken to cherish these vital powers in youth; and how? In hospitals for old men, it was often found after a frosty night, if the temperature had only been reduced two or three degrees in the room, that several old men were dead in the morning, and this was seen in the recent mortality in London during the cold weather; their vital powers in old age became so much reduced, that a slight degree of cold operating upon those powers (which were subjected by the Creator to the laws of matter, and could be destroyed, for instance, by a red-hot iron and other material agents) destroyed them. In the same way, in descriptions of the arctic regions, we find that where a person has given himself up to cold, and not exerted his muscles, he enters into a state of torpidity, and very shortly dies, because the vital powers are not able to overcome the great waste. In a child, it is particularly necessary to keep the vital powers predominant, in order to promote growth. The great thing is to prevent children being cold; to give them a certain amount of warmth to enable them to exercise the right conditions for developing the vital powers. And so too with calves; but this was not attended to, and the calf was allowed to be as cold as the cold air could make it. We see also, with respect to this primeval food of the young—milk—that all the dishes brought to the dinner table were attempts to assimilate various articles of food to the condition of milk. You put into one dish a fleshy substance, but you use with it potatoes, or make the dish with butter or suet, in order to obtain the butter, which is in the milk; and the nearer you can assimilate the dishes to the composition of milk, the nearer you approach the proper nutritions of animals. These ingredients, however, are not always in the same proportions. For example, the food of the cow contains fuel for supporting heat, but only about double the quantity of true nutritious matter; but that is because there is so much butter which is a combustible substance. Therefore the more you can assimilate to milk, the better; but the food of the young child, during weaning, ought always to assimilate as much as possible to milk. Yet we find farmers giving solid substances to the calf, just after

removing the milk from it, and long before the proper period for such food. The calf has not yet got its four stomachs, which fit it for the reception of such food; the orifices of its first and second stomachs are closed; the third is as yet only a narrow tube; and there is only the fourth, which is in this stage of growth intended for liquid food. Again, we find the farmer giving to calves skimmed milk, milk from which the cream is removed, merely for the sake of using the cream themselves. With the cream they remove from the milk most of the butter; and consequently the temperature of the calf cannot be properly supported, or its nutrition properly supplied. Therefore, in feeding young children, and young animals generally, the food ought to be as much as possible assimilated to the primeval type of the animal, from which the primeval food is taken. From this might be seen the theory of feeding adult cattle in general. The custom now, almost all over England, in fattening cattle, is to confine them to a stall. The only use of clothes in the abstract is to keep in the heat of the body, and to economise fuel; and if clothes be not used to keep the body warm, much more food must be taken, in order to sustain the temperature. It is the same in stall-feeding cattle: instead of allowing them to be in the open air and cold, they were fed in a house where the temperature is raised, and they are kept warm, and their food economised; for one-fourth less food suffices inside the house than outside, because the temperature is kept up in the house by the heat of their bodies not being allowed to etcape, and the animal is consequently able to feed on much less than before. But more than this; the rapidity of its respiration is diminished. No one ever heard of a fat blacksmith when actually in work. An active man never can become fat; there is no fear of a man with plenty of exercise ever becoming fat. It is only the sedentary man who becomes so; neither do we find a man who thinks much ever becoming fat, because his nervous temperament, causing a quick play of lungs, prevents this. It was only sedentary people, and persons in whom the lungs do not play fast—(except where the lungs are very small, when fat undoubtedly follows as a kind of disease)—that become fat. But, by confining animals to the stall, you put them in the position of sedentary animals, like the ladies of oriental countries: the lungs do not take in sufficient air, and the food passes into fat, instead of being burned, and going out of the chimney, the mouth, as carbonic acid and water. It also induces them to sleep much more; which consists mainly, in diminishing the action of the lungs and heart. There is consequently less waste in the body, and less waste in food. The highest refinement in fattening is seen in the feeding of ortolans, in Italy, whose fat it is that is so much esteemed by gourmands. Every attempt was therefore made to make this bird as fat as possible. It had one habit which was opposed to this; it only feeds at the rising of the sun. But the feeders have adopted a plan to obviate this difficulty. They put the bird into a warm oom, spread the food upon the floor, and make the room very dark, leaving only one opening in the window-shutter; and, when a lighted lantern is placed at this opening, the birds, thinking it is sunrise, eat. The light being withdrawn, the ortolans, thinking night is come, sleep, and consequently the food they have taken goes to the formation of fat. Every two or three hours, the sun is made to rise, and as many nights follow its transitory beams; and thus the ortolans become in a few days like little globes of fat, merely from being obliged to feed so much, on the supposition that the sun is rising. For the same reason, farmers were in general anxious (but this was not a prevalent practice, fortunately) to feed sheep in the dark. Lord Ducie undertook some experiments for him (Dr. Playfair) in feeding sheep. His lordship took four or five sets of sheep, each lot averaging six; and they consisted of every variety of breed, so that the effect of one breed might neutralise that of another. The first lot was allowed to roam in the open air, and to eat as many Swedish turnips as they chose; they were weighed, and the average amount of food consumed was taken. The same number of sheep, of the same kinds of breeds, were put in a shed, but allowed to walk about; and the quantity of Swedes they took was weighed. A third lot was put into the same shed, but they were not allowed to walk about; a fourth lot was put in the dark together; and a fifth lot were put in the dark separately; and all the sheep in every lot were allowed to eat as much as they chose. Those sheep which roamed about in the cold ate an enormous quantity of Swedes, and yet (as would be seen by the account of the experiments republished in the *Agricultural Gazette*) they did not increase rapidly in weight; whereas those that were sheltered from the weather ate nearly one-fourth less Swedes, and increased very rapidly in weight. Those sheep that were not allowed to be in motion ate still less food, and yet increased more rapidly in weight; those fed in the dark increased more rapidly still; but those kept alone did not feed, because they seemed to fret and get ill-tempered, and not to take a proper amount of food. All these experiments would show the principle of the different processes employed in fattening animals. It is on account of having less motion, and taking less air into the lungs, that one animal fattens more than another. It is therefore that the breeder likes these lazy pigs that stagger to the trough, eat greedily, and then fall down asleep; because nothing more than necessary is expended in burning fuel; and therefore such pigs increase much more rapidly in weight than the long-legged Irish pigs, that trot about at such an extreme rate, and consume much more food. On this ground that very cruel practice was employed of nailing the feet of geese to the floor, and feeding them in that condition. They are unable to take exercise, and therefore all the food they take goes to the development of flesh and fat, and none of it is wasted in the development of motion. And hence, too, that other practice, much more common than the nailing the feet of geese—that of cramming turkeys. This was carried to such a length, that now there was a little machine used to cram the food down the turkeys' throats, like a piston; one hand being employed to hold the turkey's mouth open, while the foot drives the piston, and forces the food down the bird's throat. They are kept in the dark and motionless, and thus all the food goes to the development of flesh and fat. And so with all other modes of feeding. If he (Dr. Playfair) were right in the suggestion that fat was formed from the starch and sugar of the food, then it followed, that if mothers were still anxious to keep their children as fat as the painters' cherubs, they could not do better than feed them with arrow-root; but, if they intended them to be what nature intended little animals to be, then they ought to feed them with substances containing a fair amount of albumen as well as starch.—Dr. Playfair then retired amidst plaudits from all parts of the theatre.

Manchester Guardian.

THE ROSE TREE.

In the garden of truth our rose tree is blooming,
In no other soil is the odour so sweet
Oh, pluck not our flowers with hands unbelieving,
They will fade in thy bosom and smiling fall at thy feet.

Ah, why is our flowers of all flowers the fairest?
Ah, why do they blossom and never decay?
'Tis because they are nourished by Heaven's own fountain,
The waters of life, the truth, and the way.

Thou may tend, thou may water the tree of thy planting,
The flowers will be weak, they will fade, they will die,
Because the hand that has planted, the dew that has watered,
Are the errors of man, the breath of a sigh.

In the sunshine of heaven our rose tree is smiling,
With its dew we are water'd, we flourish and grow;
In the garden of truth where no storms ever reach us,
'Tis the best, 'tis the only, the safest, the true.

Come then to our garden, but pluck not our flowers,
Take root in our soil and thy roses will bloom,
As sweetly as ours they will comfort and cheer thee,
Untouched by all tempests, unheeding all gloom.

Oh, how sweet is the perfume the gale now wafts o'er us,
And a voice in that gale invites thee to come;
Then enter our garden of roses, believe us
Thou'lt find rest in our sunshine, our truth, and our own.

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

From the Chronicles of the Dominican Order.

It has ever been the beautiful practice of the Catholic Church to stem the torrent of vice, and promote the growth of virtue, by establishing pious confraternities under the special protection of God, or some of his glorious saints; that men, so prone if left to themselves, to indulge their blind passions, may be led to acquire an habitual love of every thing good and beautiful, and a detestation of whatever is vicious and debasing to the mind. For several centuries there existed a confraternity under the title of the Holy Name of Jesus, which was much celebrated in its time, and contributed largely to the well being of man wherever it appeared. According to the learned Bishop of Menopolis, it took its rise in the Greek Church, in the time of that great bishop of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostom: and was instituted for the purpose of eradicating from amongst the people, the evil and inveterate custom of swearing, together with all the sins and grievous scandals, of which it is the prolific parent: in the Latin Church, it was instituted by the religious of St. Dominic. It appears to have been commenced in the year 1274, since there is extant a bull of Gregory X. addressed to the order of preachers, and to its general, who at that time was Blessed John of Vercellis, promulgated in the council of Lyons, on the 21st of September, of the above mentioned year; in which he commissions his general to employ his religious in preaching the devotion of the most holy name of Jesus.

The motive for this commission was the little respect which in those calamitous times men entertained for this holy name. The remedy was not applied in vain; for, no sooner did the General receive the Apostolic brief, than he immediately despatched transcripts to all the monasteries of the order, strongly exhorting the religious to exert all their power in executing the holy intention of the Pope. They embraced this injunction with great joy, seeing themselves singled out for an enterprise so holy, and so honourable to their order; and so vigourously did they labour in this new employment, that in a short time, they introduced amongst the people a great devotion and heart-felt affection for this most holy name. Not satisfied with this brilliant success, the religious determined on having in all the churches of the order, a special altar dedicated to the most holy name of Jesus, which might serve to keep catholics in continual remembrance of a devotion so nobly begun.

In this condition remained this sacred devotion until the year 1432, when, Don John I. reigning in Portugal, by a just and secret judgment of God, the whole kingdom was afflicted with a most cruel pestilence, which rendered it the sepulchre of its own children. The portion of the realm most consumed by this conflagration, was the celebrated city of Lisbon, where the ravages of the contagion were so terrible, that we cannot relate them without weeping. The wounded people cried to heaven, acknowledging that the multitude of their sins was the cause of the dreadful scourge; and to move the pity of Divine Justice, promised to reform their lives, joining severe penance to these protestations: "for these," says St. Augustine, "not only mitigate the Divine wrath, but cure the most contagious diseases." The most active of the religious, who exhorted the people to harbour a profound sorrow and firm resolution from that time forward to amend their lives, was Father Fre. Andrew Dias, a native of the same city, who on account of his learning and virtue had been raised to the episcopal see of Magara, an ancient city of Greece in the province of Achaia; who, having resigned his bishopric, had retired to his convent in Lisbon, where he was found on this trying occasion. By his continual exhortations he impressed on the people, as well in the pulpit as in private, the necessity of appeasing the divine justice by means of the devotion of the most holy name of Jesus; for which end he proposed that all should join in celebrating a solemn festival in his honour, and founding a confraternity.

A day was agreed upon, which was a Sunday, the 20th of November of the said year 1432. A mass was sung with all solemnity in the chapel of the Lord Jesus, when the same bishop Fre. Andrew preached, not only on the glory, but also on the great efficacy of the most holy name of Jesus as our remedy; with such fervour and erudition, that there was not one, out of the immense concourse of people that had flocked thither, that did not feel an all-inflamed desire to be enrolled in the book of the confraternity. At the conclusion of the sermon, he vested himself in his Pontificals, and in the name of the "Lord Jesus" blessed a large vessel of water, to be distributed to the sick. The people rushed in crowds to the water, and the wonders of God were beheld in this heavenly remedy; for as some drank of it, and others washed with it, they were suddenly cured. The fame of the miraculous water spread through the whole city; and so great was the rush of people who came in quest of it, that more water had repeatedly to be blessed. Great were the wonders which God worked by means of this water blessed in his name—all which may be read on a piece of old parchment in the hand-writing of the same bishop: insomuch, that for the space of a hundred years so great miracles had not been seen in Portugal, as were those performed in a few days by our Saviour Jesus through the invocation of His holy name.

Lisbon was shortly free from the contagion: and by Christmas, which was in the following month, all those who through fear of death had fled into the country during the height of the disease, had returned to the city. All resolved to celebrate a solemn festival in honour of our "Lord Jesus," for the purpose of returning him thanks: which gave rise to a devout procession, which went out of the church of our Lady of Olivirra, situated in the church-yard of St Julian's, and came to our convent, where presently the confraternity was embodied, in the register of which were to be seen the names of the princes of the kingdom; and the bishop with seven of his brethren made laws and constitutions for the good government of the confraternity, which were confirmed by the Cardinal Internuncio, Penitenciary Major of the Pope, and legate in Portugal: to which were afterwards joined other ordinances, which Cardinal Henry legate à latere in the same kingdom confirmed. For the same reason, and on occasion of a like contagion, was instituted in our convent of the city of Oporto, another confraternity of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, at the altar of Santo Christo, where God has performed and continues to perform illustrious wonders, many of which have been authenticated by the ordinary of that city, and which the curious may see in the chronicles of Portugal.

About the year 1560 a more cruel pestilence and one more contagious afflicted the world, especially the kingdoms of Spain, where men, forgetful of their end, laid aside the worship and reverence due to their Creator, earning death for their souls by the generality of their works, and not bearing in mind that for their sins there is an eternal hell. This pestilence was the abominable custom of swearing, which caused men to despise the name of God and of Jesus, calling it to witness their lies and abominations. This vice filled with grief the hearts of all who feared God, but none more so than the religious of St. Dominic; who, like faithful guardians of God's fold and sheep, were bound to expel these vicious customs: so, going forth armed with the zeal of the love of God, they preached continually against this execrable vice; but so deeply rooted was it, that their diligence did not promise any great fruit. This triumph was reserved for Fre. James of Victoria, a man of holy life, and a religious of great virtue: to whom, after he had joined to his sermons much prayer, that God would reveal to him an efficacious means of curing his hearers, there occurred, not without a special impulse of God himself, the idea of founding in those parts a confraternity of the Most Holy Name of Jesus; reflecting, that as in Portugal it had destroyed the pestilence of the body, so it would not be without its virtue for expelling in Spain the contagion of the soul. Nor was he deceived in his hopes: for, through the medium of the devotion to the Most Holy Name of Jesus he reaped a plentiful harvest.

No sooner were the Roman Pontiffs made acquainted with what had passed, and the great utility which resulted to the

people from the holy confraternities, than they came forward and augmented it with privileges and favours. Pius IV., Pius V., Gregory XIII., Paul V., Urban VIII., and finally Innocent XI. severally confirmed its institutions and conferred indulgences upon it.

After the institution of the confraternity of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, in order to perpetuate the devotion, the same religious invented other methods of blessing and extending this sacred name, that thus might be totally eradicated the inveterate and dangerous custom of swearing, to the greater glory of God, the praise of the church, and utility of christianity. In the first place, Blessed Jordao, second general of our order, composed a devout salutation of five of the psalms of David, the first letter of each of which formed the most holy name of Jesus. 1st. Judica. Ps. 42. 2nd. Exaudiat. Ps. 19. 3rd. Sæpi. Ps. 148. 4th. Usquequò. Ps. 12. 5th. Super. Ps. 136.—concluding this salutation with a versicle and a prayer. Fre. John Micon, a great servant of God, composed for the confraternity a devout psaltery, in imitation of the sacred rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to which Clement VIII. attached an indulgence. Other religious of the order of St. Dominic from devotion composed a species of crown, which consists of three decades, in which are contemplated three mysteries, viz. the conferring the holy name in the circumcision: its elevation on the title of the cross: and its exaltation in the glorious resurrection. In this crown a pious salutation to the holy name is repeated thirty times, and at the end of each decade is said the "Our Father," which completes the number thirty-three, in memory of the thirty-three years which our Saviour lived on earth. I forbear to mention numerous miracles which God has performed for those devoted to his holy name: St. Chrysostom says, that by invoking the name of Jesus, various saints have worked prodigies, as we see in the prince of the Apostles at the gate of the temple." Such were our Catholic Ancestors.

L. A. C. E.

LATIN HYMN.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus;
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem
In peccata mî redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Nîl in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opum debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Donec vita hos artus regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

TRANSLATION.

Rock of Ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace,
Foul I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

THE SULTAN AND THE MUFTI.

Finding that the troops suffered much inconvenience from the sun, the sultan sent for the Sheikh Islam to Beglerby Palace. As soon as the venerable Mufti was announced, Mahmoud placed himself with his back to a lofty southern window, through which the mid-day beams poured with scorching heat. The Mufti having entered and made his obeisance, Mahmoud, derogating from custom, bade him be seated upon a low stool immediately opposite, and then commenced a lengthened conversation. The sun, meantime, darted its burning rays on the Mufti's face; so that, in order to screen himself, he raised first one hand and then another, accompanying this act of self-defence by sundry bodily contortions. "Allah, Allah!" exclaimed the Sultan, "what is the matter? You are ill: or is the sight of the Sultan painful to you? Why conceal your eyes? The Padishah is not a basilisk." "Astagferullah! (God forbid!) The shadow of God is light and life to his slave," rejoined the half-broiled Mufti. "Well, then, what ails you?" asked Mahmoud, enjoying the joke extremely. "Ah! ah! Mufti," continued he, "you are waxing old; you have worn out your strength in the sultan's service. Repose is necessary for you." "God forbid, God forbid!" rejoined the Sheikh Islam, taking this as a hint of approaching dismissal; "God forbid, O Glory of the Universe! I am as a young lion. Inshallah! the sultan's servant will serve him many years;" and so saying, he endeavoured to sit tranquilly. But the heat soon became irresistible; and at last he sank overpowered upon the floor. The Mabainjee and attendants having hastened to his assistance and revived him, he was removed to a seat in the shade. Then Mahmoud, fixing his penetrating eyes upon the old man, said, "Now, Mufti, what have you to say against the infidel fronts to the fez? You, who are 'as a young lion,' and sitting under the shadow of our presence, you have been unable to look the sun in the face. How dare you thus object to my poor soldiers' eyes being screened? Away, away! see that I eat no more dirt on this subject. Go!" The Mufti, utterly confounded at this stratagem, withdrew; and, within forty-eight hours, there appeared a firman permitting the addition of peaks to the fez.—*Three Years in Constantinople.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS OF THE MONKS.

The estates of the lay proprietors were cultivated by the compulsory labour of bondmen and theowas, or slaves; but in every monastery the greater number of the brotherhood was devoted to the occupation of husbandry; and the superior cultivation of their farms quickly demonstrated the difference between the industry of those who worked through motives of duty, and of those whose only object was to escape the loss of their holdings, or the lash of the surveyor. Of the lands bestowed on the monks, a considerable portion was originally wild and uncultivated, surrounded by marshes, or covered with forests. They preferred such situations for the sake of retirement and contemplation; and, as they were of less value, they were more freely bestowed by their benefactors. But every obstacle of nature and soil was subdued by the unwearied industry of the monks. The forests were cleared, the waters drained, roads opened, bridges erected, and the waste lands reclaimed. Plentiful harvests waved on the coast of Northumbria, and luxuriant meadows started from the fens of the Girvii. The superior cultivation of several counties in England is originally owing to the labours of the monks, who, at this early period, were the parents of agriculture as well as of the arts.—*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons.*

SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 8.

Among the fine monuments of ecclesiastical architecture, which have of late years arisen at Munich, the most splendid and considerable is the new Basilica of St. Boniface just finished, and which it is anticipated will be opened for divine service in the latter part of the present year. This edifice stands in the centre of a large and populous quarter of the new town, hitherto inconveniently remote from any place of worship. It has been built from designs of the architect Ziebland in the style of the Roman Basilicas of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is more particularly modelled after that of St. Paul's without the gates of Rome. It is constructed of a bright red brick with stone facings, and its front is adorned by a noble arcade of marble columns. The length of the church is 300 feet, its breadth 120, and its heigth 80. But it is the interior of St. Boniface which forms its grand attraction, as indeed is the case with all the architectural monuments at Munich, which, though of the finest taste, are yet comparatively plain looking on the exterior. The interior then of St. Boniface is divided into five naves by a series of 64 grey marble pillars elaborately wrought, and each consisting of one solid block. The walls on either hand of the centre nave, much wider and higher than the rest, are adorned by a series of frescos painted by H. Hess, illustrating the life of St. Boniface, the English apostle of Germany, of whom the Puseyites have also lately written in their new lives of the British saints. It is considered on all hands that these frescos in their kind are unequalled in Europe at this day. Next to Overbeck Hess is esteemed the most Catholic and thoroughly religious painter of Germany. His best works are his numerous ones executed for the king of Bavaria at Munich. Cornelius stands before him and all others for the boldness and sublimity of his original conceptions and for the grand style of his execution. His Last Judgment in the church of St. Louis, which I have inadequately described in a former paper, and his Homeric scenes in the Glyptotheke, or hall of Sculpture, prove this, and are his masterpieces. But while we are elevated and wonder before his epic performances, we experience in the contemplation of the works of Hess emotions far dearer and more native to human nature. For he is the artist of religious feeling, simple, pure, and touching as it is possible to conceive. His pictures require no long study to unravel their design, no extraordinary learning to comprehend their purpose. They interpret themselves at once to the heart, where they make a lasting and cherished impression. He is eminently distinguished for the variety and truth of the religious expression which so peculiarly reigns in all his works. His drawing is thought to be perfect in its way, and his colouring is admired for its harmonious blending and soft tone. The utmost simplicity and nature characterise his designs. In the series of paintings on the great apostle of his native land, which form the matchless treasure of the new Basilica, the full meridian of his genius is displayed. Some of his most distinguished pupils aided him in this great work, and principally executed many of the minor frescos which also decorate other portions of the building. The life of St. Boniface is treated in twenty-four pictures, twelve of which are principal ones, and twelve subordinate or connecting ones, an equal number of both being on either hand, beginning from the epistle side of the altar, and terminating on the gospel side. Each one represents some recorded event of the blessed saint's career, from his early youth till his final martyrdom. Among so many, and all so excellent, it is hard to point out one as preferable to the rest. The fact is you are sure to esteem as the best, the one you happen to be gazing at, and having gone the round of the whole you then declare that they are all of them the best. The first painting exhibits the saint when a youth praying beside the sick bed of his father, whose health is restored by his son's prayers, and who accordingly devotes him to the monastic state. His reception at the gate of the convent by the abbot forms the design of the next painting. One which is greatly admired represents the saint in the act of departing from England for his missionary enterprises in Germany. The ship is just pushing off from shore, and St. Boniface stands near the stern hailing the blessing and good wishes of his late abbot and fellow religious, who view his departure with sorrowful affection. Another noble performance presents him as announcing the gospel to the barbarians of Friesland. The dauntless messenger of the truth, with crucifix in hand, confronts a group of rude idolators assembled beneath an ancient oak, and who subdued by a mysterious respect lend him a grave attention. Nothing can be conceived so graphic as the whole scene. Foremost stands a stalwart chieftain resting on his lance, the native ferocity of whose aspect is aggravated by the boar's head which he wears for a helmet. On his shoulder rests what would seem to be the face of his mother, who gives the most earnest and concentrated attention to the preacher. The aspect of this old woman is remarkable for its rude Queen-like dignity of expression. A very aged man with a white beard, tottering on his staff, stands next, doubtless the father. Then a little behind comes one of the loveliest young mothers that ever was drawn. The sweet modesty, grace, and tenderness of her appearance, heightened by her ingenuous wonder and interest, as with timid glance she listens to the first tidings of Christianity, must be seen to be adequately appreciated. She is evidently the wife of the terrible chieftain, and holds by the hand a young child, who gazed at her inquiringly enough, while two others, its brothers, have boldly approached the saint, and are characteristically occupied in pulling his habit and admiring his sandals. Apart from this principal group at a little distance, two of St. Boniface's assistants are seen baptising some savage converts in the waters of a brook. In another remarkable work full of the grandest strength of religious feeling, the subject is St. Boniface interrupting an idolatrous sacrifice, and, to the dismay and horror of the officiating Druids, striking his hatchet into an oak consecrated to the god Thor. The consecration of the saint as bishop by Pope Gregory II. in St. Peter's church at Rome, and the picture of his martyrdom, a fearful scene, occur to my recollection among others as strikingly impressive. A feature worthy to be noted is, that throughout the whole of this series of paintings, every countenance introduced, even the most subordinate, has a distinct and characteristic expression of its own, nor is there one ordinary or vulgar face to be detected. All the figures are considerably larger than nature. Immediately over the life of St. Boniface is a series of minor frescos executed by the pupils of Hess, representing in thirty-six different pieces events and legends of all the old sanctified apostles of Germany, who lived between the years 355 and 800. The altar piece is a magnificent performance by Hess, representing our Saviour glorified in company with his Blessed mother and beloved disciple John. Below them are the principal saints of the German church, St. Benedict, Boniface, Wildbald, Corbinian, Rupert, Emmeran, Cylian, and Magnus. The four evangelists appear over the arch of the altar recess, and their floating forms are considered among the finest effects of the kind in existence. Besides this lavish array of transcendent pictorial art, the church is profusely embellished by mosaics and fancy gilding of the most gorgeous variety of design, wherever they

could be introduced with effect. The lofty roof of the centre nave is an open one painted azure, with the beams gilt. The effect from below is magnificent in the extreme. The Basilica of St. Boniface has been erected and adorned entirely at the personal expense of his Bavarian majesty, and may be looked upon as a monument to the national religious associations of Germany, just as the new royal palace is to the civil and military ones. In the latter the state apartments are wholly decorated by frescos and encaustics illustrating the great heroic deeds and times of German history, while the private rooms illustrate the best works of German literary genius. In the same manner also when you enter St. Boniface you behold around you every event of interest connected with the conversion and Catholic glories of the German people, executed in a style calculated to elicit the best emotions that humanity is capable of. This surely is a noble idea, and cannot fail of producing noble results.——There is a great religious excitement at present prevailing in England, owing to the clashing of Puseyism with the other *isms* of the establishment, and in like manner an equal, if not a greater collision of opposing parties obtains in Germany. And this is more directly caused by the late extraordinary pilgrimage to Treves in honour of the seamless garment of our Saviour preserved in the cathedral of that city. I do not think this event causes so much interest in England as in Germany, and that is the reason why I mention it. The excitement prevailing in this country respecting it is quite extraordinary. The protestant cause is in a state of the most rampant spleen, and the invectives of its leading organs, especially of the Leipsic Journal, against the Catholics, are so rabid, as to be quite laughable. The fact is, this pilgrimage to Treves has proved a most discouraging sign for the progress of Protestantism, while it has too plainly demonstrated the revival of a Catholic spirit, which it was pretended could never soundly recover itself in face of the Philosophic enlightenment of the age. I believe the last occasion when the sacred relic was exposed to public veneration was in 1810, and then it drew a concourse of 20 or 25000 persons from different quarters of Europe. Philosophy was then making very brilliant way. In 1844 the crowd of pilgrims amounted to considerably more than a million. Philosophy is in consequence quite aghast. The spectacle of such a vast multitude, consisting of every variety of rank and fortune, of character and disposition, of every age and both sexes, drawn together from different and remote parts of Europe, conducting themselves spontaneously with an order and sobriety never once violated, and such as no police could ever have enforced, behaving rather, as all accounts agree to describe, more like brethren and dear relations than as strangers, and all for the object of paying a sincere and believing respect to a blessed relic of the Catholic Church: that such a spectacle as this should be presented to the eye of Philosophy at this time of day after all the great discoveries and reforms that have been so brilliantly achieved, was indeed too much to be borne. While the proceedings lasted little was said, but since the thing has passed over, and all have got safely home, a universal warwhoop has arisen, and every possible variety of calumny, abuse, satire, and furious vituperation has been levelled at the Catholic cause from the side of its protestant and rational opponents. Among other characteristic pranks played off for annoyance sake, a poor half-witted priest called Ronge, already under censure, was induced to put his name to a letter composed express, and addressed to the bishop of Treves, in which the sacred solemnity just concluded was animadverted upon in a true philosophic view, and circulated industriously all over as the calm views of a Catholic clergyman of respectability. Even the Prussian censorship patronized this unworthy device Ronge's respectability however has since been fully established by excommunication; and he is now connected with several others of the same stamp in a scheme for starting an independent German Catholic Church, the centre of which speculation is Leipsic, where at a recent meeting of about fifty of those interested in the job, they had the satisfaction of declaring a dividend of profits for themselves, arising out of a subscription of 2000 dollars made for them by the sympathizing protestants of the town. Such are some of the circumstances which just now animate the ardour of religious controversy in Germany. Nor are the Catholics behind hand in supporting their great cause. Their magazines and journals meet with a fearless and energetic tone those of their opponents, and among them the "Historical and Political leaves," edited at Munich by Drs. Phillips and Guido Görres, as the most influential one, is distinguished for the pungency of its recriminations. The elder Görres, also, has just come out with a new book on the Treves' affair, which is causing a great sensation in the Rhine country. I may add that the Leipsic Journal has grown so outrageous, that the king of Bavaria has interdicted it from his dominions.

X. Z.

STANZAS TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"Man's days are as grass—as the flower of the field, so flourisheth he."

A bright May sun had sunk to rest
In a calm and peaceful sky,
And left me wending o'er the fields,
Breathing a prayer for thee.

Anon I turned me to the East,
And watched a rising star,
That started into bloom—a flower—
I thought—of vales afar.

My hand was glowing with a wreath
Of sweet Spring's earliest flowers,
That in my evening walk, I stole,
From Severn's favoured bowers.

I look'd now—at my own choice gems,
"No, none may equal ye!"
And now upon the *heavenly* flower,
"Yet, what so fair as thee?"

My nosegay then began to droop—
Its leaves began to fade—
"Whilst Eden's blossom beams there yet,
"With brighter tints," I said;

"Then why should I my love bestow
"On what thus fades away?—
"My heart I give to thee, bright gem,
"Lit by a heavenly ray!"

And then I met a pretty child—
"These flowers I'll give to thee,
"They warn thee of thy fleeting years,
"Oh, bloom in spotless purity!" FIDES.

ARAB PROPHECY.

THEY have a very remarkable prophecy, which promises to the Christians a restoration of all those kingdoms which they formerly lost to the Turks and Saracens, and there is no part of the Mahometan dominions, extensive as they are, where it is not universally received, in consequence of which, the gates of their cities are carefully shut up every Friday, the day of their congregation, from ten till twelve o'clock in the morning, that being, as they say, the day and the time prefixed for this great catastrophe.—*Algeria, Past and Present.*

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